LIFE-MODEL SHOWS PLUCK.

AND IT WAS ALL, TOO, TO SAVE HER BEAUTY.

Miss Florence Bixby, While Posing Before the New York Art Students' League, Is Showered With Ice and Broken Glass.

From the New York Journal.

The girl students of Mr. H. Siddons Mow-

bray's life class at the Art League has hardly recovered yesterday from the fright they received the day before, when the life model, Miss Florence Bixby, was nearly model, asias Florence Blady, was Milled by the collapsing of a skylight. Some were ill from the effects of the shock. But all agreed as to Miss Bixby's pluck. It was

model courage, indeed.
"Perhaps it was vanity," said one; "or pride," said another; or "only a mercenary courage," said a third, "But she was won-derfully brave," said a fourth, and all as-

Miss Bixby, by failing glass and ice, re

Miss Bixby, by falling glass and ice, received these wounds: A deep cut on her left shoulder, extending from the neck to the arm; a cut on the left side, extending from the arm to the waist; six deep cuts on the legs. She had been posing in the nide when hurt.

She was suffering intense pain. Several of the young women had nearly fainted at sight of her. The pain was nothing to her. She feared only that her comeliness was gone, that she must be disfigured, that she could no longer follow her profession.

When the doctor said, "If you will endure the pain and allow me to take as many stitches as necessary the scars will not be permanent," she had forgotten in an instant what pain was.

It took an hour to sew up the wounds but Miss Bixby never flinched nor uttered a sound. Yesterday she was happy at her home in Jersey City, for she had been assured the wounds would heal without disfiguring her.

Miss Bixby, posing for the nude before

figuring her.

Miss Bixby, posing for the nude before the class, had just stepped down from the platform and gone behind the screen when, without an instant's warning the skylight gave way. Heavy blocks of ict, jagged



es of glass and a cloud of snow fell ong the students. They ran screaming, e student's stool had been shattered by uge icicle which had dropped upon the One student's stoo had dropped upon the skylight, carrying it away.

An enormous mass had fallen behind the screen. Not a sound came from there, and the students for a moment feared Miss Bixby had been killed. The next instant the screen was overthrown and the young woman still nude and scarcely recognizable from her wounds, staggered out among them. The sight was unendurable to some, and they fied from the room. One, however, had had experience as a nurse, and she gave prompt assistance to the sufferer.

YOUNG WOMEN SAWED WOOD. A Contest for Charity and a Prize Attracts a Fishkill Crowd.

Five young women of Fishkill, near New York city, engaged in a public wood saw-ing contest for the benefit of local charities attracted a large crowd. The young women now that his mother, having elected to take sawed wood and said nothing, but not so her dower rights in her late husband's esthe spectators, who shouted themselves tate, will get about \$2,500,600 instead of \$1,hoarse before the brief race was over. The prize was a gold watch and the amateur wood cutters put forth their best efforts to wood cutters put forth their best efforts to win it. They were Miss Belle Moshler, the prettiest girl in the village; Miss Ada Trainor, also young and pretty; Miss Emma Pyers, and Miss Ella Sullivan and Mrs. Edward Corley, a young married woman. They sawed their wood in the Mattewan opera house. The conditions were they should saw wood for two minutes, rest two minutes, and then saw again for the same period, followed by the same rest, when there was to be one more minute's sawing. The girl who sawed the largest number of sticks of kindling was to be the winner.

The core house of the for a share of it, in spite of the fact that Mr. Pullman, having no belief in the business ability of the youths, left them but \$2,000 a year each.

George M. Pullman about a month ago was visited by a man who desired to write an account of his attempt at breadwinning. In a spirit of fun Mr. Pullman gave his name as Sanger Pullman.

Mr. Pullman was then working as an inspector in the employ of the Pullman Palace Car Compnay. A few days afterward an account was printed, giving in detail how Sanger—in reality George—Pullman had been a business ability of the youths, left them but \$2,000 a year each.

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The opera house was jammed to the doors. Everybody had his or her champion and bets were freely made among the young men. Excitement was at the fever point when at 9 o'clock in the evening Professor Wiechers announced the contest.

The wood was brought on the stage. It was pine, two inches in diameter. A storn of applause greeted each contestant as she rolled up her sleeves to make ready.

"Go." cried the professor.

At first the girls didn't saw wood like experts. The saw slipped and sometimes the girls lost their head altogether. But they kept bravely at it. From the start Miss Moshler was the first to give up. She sit and dropped out. On the second round the four that were left kept it up bravely. The third saw them all still at work, but Miss Sullivan's strength gave out and then there were but three.

But Miss Moshler was still far in the lead. Miss Trainor and Miss Pyers were having it nip and tuck for second place. And just as Miss Pyers thought she had it sure her saw slipped and siss Pyers were having it nip and tuck for second place. And just as Miss Pyers thought she had it sure her saw slipped and Miss Pyers were having it nip and tuck for second place. The first to give up. She stored fast and dropped out. On the second round the four that were left kept it up bravely. The third saw them all still at work, but Miss Pyers were the second round then there were but three.

But Miss Moshler was the winer. She had sawed forty-seven sticks. Miss Pyers nineteen.

Incident in the Life of a Sweet-Natured Society Woman of

Suffolk. Suffolk, tells a true story of a society woman who was sweet-natured and generous enough to give the poor of her very best. She used to visit the large, dreary workhouse in the manufacturing town nea

THE PRETTY TYPEWRITER.

Did She Look Intelligent Enough to Be a Lawyer!-The Countryman Thought Her Pretty Enough.

"When the cat's away the mice will "In other words," she went on, as she cut off another needleful of yellow silk from a bit of pasteboard wound with a bright tangle, "my employer was called out of town, and I have finished up all my regular work, and my odd bits of work are all out of the way, and there's abso-



lutely nothing else for me to do."
But she didn't seem to care.
She was a pretty stenographer in a
Lisbon street lawyer's office. And all that
afternoon she had busied herself with
her regular duties, but now the letter
file was all arranged, the books were in
order, and she was working a doily.
Then, after a little chat, she blushed and
asked: "Do I look intelligent enough to
be a lawyer?"
This was an awkward way to ask such
a question, but being assured that brilliant lawyers did not necessarily have their
wisdom shining forth in their faces, she
told us about it.
"You see, I was all alone here yesterday, when a man from out of town came
in. When he saw me he whistled softly
and looked with surprise at my embroidery.
"But he sat down and commenced to

and looked with surprise at my embroidery.

"But he sat down and commenced to
tell me about some trouble he'd had with
his wife, and he spoke of getting 'a bill.'

"I tried to break in and asked why he
told me all this, but he said, 'Now, you
hold on till you hear it all. You can't
tell nothing till you've heard it all.'

"So I had to listen, and then, at the
close of his tale of woe, he asked my advice. I told him I could say nothing, he
would have to wait till Lawyer — came
in. in.
"He looked thunderstruck. 'Hain't you lawyer——?' he gasped, as he reached

"He looked thunderstruck. 'Hain't you lawyer—?" he gasped, as he reached for his mittens.
"'No, indeed.' I smiled as I gave him the mitten he had dropped in his surprise.
'T'm the typewriter.'
"'Well, I'll be chucked in my hosspond if I blame the man for not learning to write, if he can get him such a pretty leddy to do it for him,' he sniffed, 'but I thought sure you was one of the wimmen lawyers folks is talking about, like that Portiere that my son spoke about last week.'"

YOUNG PULLMAN'S JOKE. He Manages to Attract Young Women's Attention and to Receive

Young George M. Pullman is an object of much interest to numerous young

Many Letters.

Other letters of like import came from Mansfield, O.; from Ithaca, N. Y.; from Bloomington, Ill., and from Old Point Com-fort Va

Lady Camilla Gurdon, in her memories of MISS GOTHAM'S AWFUL ERROR. She Grabbed the Wrong Garmen When She Went to the

Theater.

best. She used to visit the large, dreary workhouse in the manufacturing town near her country home. For this, she dressed herself carefully in her best clothes, and wore all her brightest jewels. "For," said Gertrude simply, "poor people care much more to see one in one's best things than rich people do. I wonder why everybody generally puts on common, dull old clothes to visit cottages!"

One night we went logether to a party, my pretty Gertrude dressed in every color of the rainbow, with diamonds sparkling in her wavy hair and shining about her soft, round throat. As we alighted from our carriage the Princes and Princess of Wales happened to arrive, and we stood aside on the steps to let them pass.

As usual there was a crowd of people waiting to enter the house. A poor woman, just behind us, was vainly endeavoring to lift her child, a little cripple, so that he might see the princess; but each time that she pressed forward, a policeman pushed her back. The child broke into a wall:

"Oh, I can't see her! I can't see her! You promised I should see her, mammy!"

Gertrude turned quickly. "Give me your little boy," she said, and she took the astonished child in her arms. "I will hold him up. He can have a much better view here."

With a queenly gesture, she waved aside the bewildered policeman. The little cripple to be wildered policeman. The little cripple to be wildered policeman trustfully about her neck, and leaned eagerly forward to see all that was to be seen; and when the sight was over, and Gertrude gently disented her.

"The bettoit free Princes."

Not long ago a New York girl went to was limited to just four days, being cut short to a recently married schoolmate. Her stay was limited to just four days, being cut short to a recently married schoolmate. Her stay was limited to just four days, being cut short days he limited to just four days, being cut short days he land to just four days, being cut short days he land to just four days, being cut short days, being cut short days, being cut short on the s

to give him back to his mother, the child put his pale lips to her rosy cheeks and kissed her.

"Pretty lady! pretty lady!" he said, admiringly.

His mother broke into a torrent of thanks and apologies, while Gertrude, gathering up her brilliant train, passed into the house.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Did you do well with that last estate you handled?"

"Just fair," answered Sharks, the law-yer. "I had to pay out nearly 19 per cent of it in witness fees. But nine-tenths is better than nothing."

LORILLARD POOR BUT FREE.

JACOB, JR., FREED BY LAW FROM HIS FLORIDA WIFE.

She Cost Him a Million-They Married Secretly, and When He Was Cut Off by Family She Treated Him Cruelly.

Jacob Lorillard, Jr., son of the millionaire bacco manufacturer, has been freed by the court from the alleged life of nagging and indignity led him by his wife, Abbie M. Lorillard. He starts life anew, poorer by a million dollars at least than he would have been had he never met the Florida beauty of low estate, who won him on the Indian river.

The story was far more interesting than most of those heard in a divorce court. It had human interest in plenty and comparatively little of offensive detail. It was a tale illustrating in real life the possibilities of the effect of marriage, both upon for-tune and upon happiness. Seven years ago set. So was his father, who limited his own personal expenses to \$40,000 annually. Of course, this did not include the expenses of his household, but was for club dues and for the play table and other fashionable recreations of men of his wealth and his tastes. young Jacob Lorillard was of the swell

His Allowance \$25,000.

The son had an allowance of \$25,000, and lived to the limit. When he exceeded it his mother came to his rescue. She cared not at all how much he spent, provided he spent it "like a gentleman." He tried to keep pace with his father, and the old man liked the spirit of the boy. So did his uncle, Pierre, and when they would hear of young Jacob cutting cards at \$100 a cut or of wagering large sums of money they chortled and said he was a real old-time Lorillard. They did not care so long as he got into no entangling alliances with designing women. The spending of money, no matter of what sums, was not immoral and was rot reprehensible, according to the family code. Uncle Pierre always proceeded on the theory that the man who gambled heavily had a chance to gain largely equally as to lose largely, and he patted Jacob on the back and thought him an ideal nephew.

Thus things went on swiftly but harmoniously in the family until seven years ago, when young Jacob stole down to Florida and married. He married secretly, because he knew his family would not give lits consent if he told them of the project. The woman he chose for his wife, or the woman who chose him for her husband, was not in the social set of the Lorillards. Their vanity was wounded. They cut off Jacob and refused to recognize his wife.

Jacob never entered the home of his parents after his marriage. His clothing and other personal effects were sent him by the servants, and he managed to live as best he could. Sometimes, it was said, his Uncle Pierre alded him. In August of 1896 his mother died, and in her will was a clause disinheriting him. It was:

"Whereas, my son Jacob has disgraced me, I totally disinherit him from any part in my estate." lived to the limit. When he exceeded it his mother came to his rescue. She cared not

among the elite of the society of the land of the rising sun has not been confirmed by travelers, yet it is pretty enough to be

of the rising sun has not been confirmed by travelers, yet it is pretty enough to be true.

In certain districts in houses wherein reside one or more daughters of a marriageable age, an empty flower pot, of an ornamental character, is encircled by a string and suspended from the window or veranda by three chairs.

The Juliets of Japan are, of course, attractive, and the Romeos as anxious as those of other lands. But instead of serenades by moonlight and other delicate ways of making an impression it is etiquet for the Japanese lover to approach the dwelling of his lady bearing some choice plant in his hand, which he boldly, but, let us hope, reverency, proceeds to plant in the empty vase.

This takes time and when he is fully assured that both mother and daughter are at home, neither of whom, of course, is at all conscious that the young man is taking such a liberty with the flower pot outside their window. This act of placing a pretty plant in the empty flower pot is equivalent to a formal proposal to the young lady who dwells within.

The youthful gardener, having settled his plant to his mind, retires, and the lady is free to act as she pleases. If he is the right man she takes every care of his gift, waters it and tends it carefully with her own hands, that all the world may see the donor is accepted as a suitor.

But if he is not a favorite, or if the stern parents object, the poor plant is torn from the vase, and the next morning lies limp and withered on the veranca or on the path below.

GLOWING RUBIES AND OPALS. Superstitions Regarding the Wearing of Precious Stones-Difficulties of Jewelers.

From the Philadelphia Times.

One of the hardships that commercial jewelers have to contend with is the superstitions that affect the sale of certain articles. Some people will not buy or wear topaz unless they were born in November, and others cannot be induced to buy rubles unless they were born in July.

It doesn't concern many people about rubles because their price is too high for many people to wear them. There are not 200 good rubles of any size worth speaking of in Philadelphia, but the topaz is abundant and is not dear. Then there is the superstitious objection to opals, which are regarded as unlucky all the year round, and have no saving natal month to lift their opprobrium. stitions that affect the sale of certain arti-

"CAPTAIN MOLL" PITCHER.

Miss Gulick, of Cincinnati, Is Daughter of Jananese Nobleman and American Mother.

It will be news to many people, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, to learn that the real name of Miss Katherine Agnes Gulick, pupil at the College of Music, is Suma Matsu Honjo, and that she is the daughter of a Japanese nobleman and an American mother. Count Honjo, of Japan, married Miss Emma Tyler, who was of a branch of President Tyler's family, and a Virginian by birth and rearing, in Philadelphia in 1876, the year of the great Centennial exposition. The only child of the union is the young lady pow in Cincinnati, who was born in Boston in 1878. The mother was an



SUMA MATSU HONJO.

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"Whereas, my son Jacob has disgraced me, I totally dishnherit him from any part in my estate."

Poverty Changed Her.

This seemed to be another turning point in the career of Jacob. With no chance for a portion of the vast estate, the wife of the young man, it was alleged by him, grew unbearably cruel. If the libel filed contained but fact, she taunted him unremittingly casm of the Lorillards and their social aspirations. She twitted him in company, making his family and himself the subjects of much distasteful mirth, and in private, according to Jacob, she humillated him by a monotonous recital of unpleasant incidents in his career. She expressed his since the subjects of mich distasteful mirth, and in private, according to Jacob, she humillated him by a monotonous recital of unpleasant incidents in his career. She expressed his since the subjects of mich distasteful mirth, and in private, according to Jacob, she humillated him by a monotonous recital of unpleasant incidents in his career. She expressed his since the subjects of mirth of the subjec bearably cruel. If the libel field contained but fact, she taunted him unremittingly and spoke with much bitterness and saric cases of the Lorillards and their social aspirations. She twitted him in company, making his standly and himself the subjects of common the control of the subject of the subject of the subject of control of the subject of



REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN WOMEN.

(These are the four women chosen to represent American womanhood at the capitol in Albany, and their faces sculpd in lasting stone, will perpetuate the types of which they are deemed the highest examples.)

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

CLARA BARTON.

GIRL'S ROMANTIC CAREER. ON A ROPE WITH A MADMAN

HOW SIGNOR SALVIATORIA SAVED LADY FROM A FRIGHTFUL DEATH.

At an Exhibition of Rope Walking Woman Appeared, Followed by Her Mad Husband-Madman Fell to His Death.

From the New York Sun. No one who saw the tawdry finery of his tinsel trappings and the cheap appointments of the famous Signor Salviatoria as single handed and alone he prepared the paraphernalia for his tight-rope perform-ance which had brought him his glory would ever imagine that there was time or space in his busy life for a romance. The signor was a peripatetic perambulator of the rope, and his field of performance lay in country towns, where it was his wont to stretch his narrow pathway across a street from roof to roof of houses whose awners were willing to extend that privilege to him in exchange for tickets to "the Great and Only Megatherian Concert," which followed the outdoor exhibition. Yet he had a romance, and there were in it those elements which one greater than the Signor Salviatoria might easily have crystallized into a melodrama that would have stirred the applause of a thousand galleries. would ever imagine that there was time o

Salviatoria's Great Act. "The greatest act I ever done." he said

with a natural and easy disregard of accent and syntax, "I done in an Ohio town about ten years ago. I was doing my turn there for a week, as it was the county fair season, and I was following their trail like a sleuth, for they brought people to town and helped my business, never none too good. The third night of my performance, which was a haif hour exhibition in midair before the concert had begun, I had gone up on the roof to get things ready, and while I was pottering around snuggin' up the rope and seeing that there wasn't any loose cogs to be dropping I heard a screech up through the scuttle hole leading to the roof, and the next second out popped a woman like one of these here jumping jacks. It give me a hard pull on mynerves, but I flew over to see what the matter was. It was my landlady—and here I want to say that when I stop for any time in a town I go to a boarding house where I can get a rate that won't break me. Got to do it in this line. Can't give it all to railroads and hotels.

"In this case I not only stopped at this boarding house, but the landlady let me stretch my rope from her roof to the roof of the house across the way, and as it was the main street of the town it was convenient all the way round for me. The only drawback was that the lady had a haif-crasy husband that never had done anything for her when he had his senses, and now she had to support him and take his abuse of her every time he got a jealous fit, which was every time she had a new boarder that was anything for looks and style."

Signor Salviatoria stopped a moment at this remark, stroked his little chin whiskers and smiled retrospectively.

"She had only been polite to me because I had been polite to her as any gent should be when there is a pretty woman around, and the landlady was the prettiest little woman, about as big as a piece of soap, I had met.

The Woman in the Story. and syntax, "I done in an Ohio town about ten years ago. I was doing my turn ther

"As I was saying, when I got to her she had slung the cover to the scuttle hole over it and was sitting on it with her jaw set

YOUNGEST MARINE OBSERVER.

A 19-Year-Old Girl in the Station at Truro, Mans.—Her Home on the Ocean Side of Cape Cod.

Miss Lillian Small, a pretty 19-year-old girl, is the youngest marine observer in the government's employ. Her home, says the New York Herald, is on the outer or ocean side of Cape Cod, that great arm of land stretching away seaward from the mainland of Massachusetts. Her low-roofed New England cottage stands on a great

Meet England cottage stands on a great

The crowd yelled about twice, and then will be supported by the come hear losing my balance, for I knew and as I shot out with the woman clinging to me the people in the street below set up such a yell as I never heard before, and I come hear losing my balance, for I knew and as I shot out with the woman clinging to me the people in the street below set up such a yell as I never heard before, and I come hear losing my balance, for I knew and as I shot out with the woman clinging to me the people in the street below set up such a yell as I never heard before, and I come hear losing my balance, for I knew and as I shot out with the woman clinging to me the people in the street below set up such a yell as I never heard before, and I come hear losing my balance, for I knew as and I shot out with the woman clinging to me the people in the street below set up such a yell as I never heard before, and I come hear losing my balance, for I knew as and I shot out with the woman clinging to me the people in the street below set up such a yell as I never heard before, and I come hear losing my balance, for I knew as and I shot out with the woman clinging to me the people in the street below set up such a yell as I never heard before, and it is not the such as a sent the man with the hatchet or not. Likely she did. It wasn't her to go ahead, because we were safe if I only kept my path. I didn't know whether she thought about the man with the hatchet or not. Likely she did. It wasn't her to mention it, though, under them circumstances.

A Crasy Mean as t

A Crasy Man on the Rope. "While I was thinking about his cutting the rope I was getting along it toward the

safe end as fast as I could, the little wom-an hanging on till she nearly choked me, sitions that affect the sale of certain articles. Some people will not buy or wear topaz unless they were born in November, and others cannot be induced to buy rubles unless they were born in July.

It doesn't concern many people about rubles because their price is too high for many people to wear them. The people about rubles of any size topaz is abundant and is not derived to onals, which are regarded unlucky all the year round, and have no saving natal month to lift the superstitious outlets of no loss, which are regarded no because their opprobrium.

They do not need the superstition to make them objectionable, however, because while they are very beautiful they are also years and the proposition to make them objectionable, however, because while they are very beautiful they are also years the proposition to make them objectionable, however, because while they are very beautiful they are also years the proposition to make them objectionable, however, because while they are very beautiful they are also years fragile and should be very cheap. Out in Australia you can go out with a pick and dig a wheelbarrow load in an hour. There cutting and polishing give them some value, but it idn't hurt, and I was standing it was the one bope for her life. But it was only for a second; then I felt a jar on the sight that in the are life which rises life feet above the sea. All the ships from a nearly perspendicular to the state of the

and down to his death. That's what had made the rope spring back. I guess the little woman must have felt that something awful had happened, though she never said a word, because when I at last stepped safe onto the roof and the crowd yelled a hundred times louder than they did before they knew what they were yelling about, the little woman let go her hold around my neck and dropped at my feet in a dead faint, and I didn't blame her, either; it was time for somebody to faint, and if she hadn't a done it I would, sure pop. Her doing it gave me something else to think about, and I got her downstairs as quick as I could, where the women took charge of her and soon brought her out all right. "I guess that's all there is to it," smiled the signor, picking up his balancing pole and pointing it to a date line and some initials on it. "This is the one that steadied us over, and the little woman had them put on there when she become the blushing bride of Signor Salviatoria," and the signor bowed with a sweep that would have entranced an audience of millions. FIRST WOMAN AFRONAIIT

Mrs. Hubbell Made a Balloon Ascer

Mrs. Lucretia Bradley Hubbell, of Norwich, Conn., made a balloon ascension at Easton, Pa., just forty-three years ago. The feat at that time made a profound sensation wherever it was told of, for in 1855 such femining additional professional programme in the second prog

country."

The ascension was made in a silk balloon purchased from the Crystal Palace Company, and which was named "The Industry of All Nations." Mrs. Hubbell was not then married, and was engaged in giving a series of nightly lectures on phrenology. She says she "went for pleasure, and for the longeyity it gave in expanding the lungs."

Thirty thousand people had congregated the longerity of the longerity in the lungs."

Thirty thousand people had congregated the longerity is a series of the longerity in the lungs. Thirty thousand people had congregated the longerity is made and she is only 22. What is more, she has held the position for two years, having been, at the age of 20, appointed to the office which she had practically filled for two years previous to that time.

Complimented by the Management.

At 18 she graduated with the degree of A. B. from South Kentucky college at Hopkins and she is only 22. What is more, she has held the position for two years, having been, at the age of 20, appointed to the office which she had practically filled for two years previous to that time.

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aion at Eaton, Pa., Forty-

FIRST WOMAN AERONAUT.

three Years Ago.

tions than the woman of the North, who is gradually growing into conventional modes of livelihood just as she formerly took it for granted that her only aims in life were marriage and housekeeping. In the South, however, where there are not so many "positions" open to women, those who are reduced in circumstances take the first opportunity which offers itself, and pretty generally make a success of it.

Miss Susie M. Lasley, of Rowland, Ky., is one of this type. She belongs to a good Southern family which is one of the traditional "F. F. Vs"—her mother having come from Virginia. Her occupation is unique, so far as members of the feminine persuasion are concerned. She is the first such feminine achievements were an un-heard of event. Mrs. Hubbell proudly states she was "the first lady areonaut in the country."

The ascension was made in a silk bal-

unique, so far as members of the feminine persuasion are concerned. She is the first fully equipped, officially authorized and legally bonded station agent among women, and she is only 22. What is more, she has held the position for two years, having been, at the age of 39, appointed to the office which she had practically filled for two years previous to that time.



in Easton to witness the ascension. The weather was cold, and, although the feeling of elation was delightful, as the great silken sphere shot upward, the courageous passenger in the car found her hands becoming benumbed with cold. The ascent was made at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. The balloon stayed up twenty minutes. When an altitude of three miles had been attained the balloon burst, but by the happiest chance the silken remnants formed a sort of sail and the fair and fearless aeronaut was wafted fully eleven miles before the car descended with cruel force in a New Jersey clover field. Even then she landed upon her feet, and, although there was a wild skurry of horsemen and other spectators of her aerial flight to her rescue, and although there were those in the mad rush who offered bets as to her probable death, she came out of the ordeal without a scratch, and that evening lectured in Easton in a crowded hall.

SLIPPERS IN THE SNOW.

Mrs. Bluecher, a Bride, Has a Hard

A nine-mile walk through the snow in party slippers is the ordeal that young last week because the too sudden starting of a trolley car had torn her from her

of a trolley car had torn her from her husband. She and her husband, Frederick Bluecher, have been married only three months. They live at Guttenberg. Bluecher is agent for a Jersey City laundry, whose employes gave a ball in the Greenville section of Jersey City. Mr. and Mrs. Bluecher were of the company.

The hall is many miles from Guttenburg, but the journey can be made by trolley direct from door to door with a few transfers. Therefore, when the time came to set out for the dance Mrs. Bluecher merely threw a light wrap over her thin party dress, and without head covering or overshoes to protect her sain slippers, traveled to the ball. The last number on the programme was reached at daylight, when Bluecher and his bride started for home.

When at length a belated car arrived at the corner it was crowded to the platforms. Mrs. Bluecher scrambled aboard, but as her husband lifted his foot to the step the conductor gave the starting signal. The car sped away, leaving the man posing in the road.

sped away, leaving the man posing in the road.

The bride was among a crowd of strangers, ignorant of the way home and without a cent in her pocket. Worst of all, she could speak no English. Thinking of these things, Bluecher, with a mighty howl, sprang after the car, waving his arms to attract the conductor or some of the passengers, but none heeded him. He plunged after the car until it was lost to sight.

The car which had torn bride from bridegroom carried her to the end of the route. She tried to explain her predicament to the conductor, but he could not understand her. She was afraid to appeal to other men, so, putting her slippers once more in the snow, she walked until she came to a shop where a woman was in attendance. From her Mrs. Bluecher got an idea of the direction in which her home lay, and she began the journey on foot. She made inquiries of women as she met them, and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon reached her home, nine miles from the point where she had left the trolley. Her slippers were worn to shreds, her dress was bedraggled and she was completely exhausted. In this state her husband found her when he returned.

BACHELORS MAY BE TAXED. Single Blessedness a Luxury Which Must Be Paid for in New

Jersey. It is understood that there is a bill being drawn in New Jersey providing for the taxation of bachelors. In all probability

sistant to her brother, who held the agency which the young woman herself now fills. Then, when the brother went off traveling in Central America and his successor suddenly died, Miss Lasley, who had meantime been keeping her eyes open and learning all that was to be known about a railroad station, was called to fill the position.

about a railroad station, was called to fill the position.

"As to the ability of a woman to fill such a position," says Miss Lasley, "I quote the comment of the officials, who said at the close of the year: 'Your service has been altogether satisfactory."

"The requirements," she goes on to say, "are a good general education, with quickness and accuracy in mathematics. One must be able instantly to tell the per cent accruing to the particular railroad company to which one belongs from a shipment of live stock to Liverpool, England, and at the same time be able to compute and furnish '10 cents' worth of riding material' to the backwoodsman at the ticket window.

Some of the Requirements.

Some of the Requirements. "The characteristics demanded are reliance, combined with that rare but sav-

ing grace, good temper.
"My experience has proved that the place "My experience has proved that the place can be successfully filled by a woman, demanding no more of those small courtesies from the opposite sex than any other position. I find the work pleasant and interesting and devoid of the monotonous routine that characterizes so much of the allotted woman's work. My home is one mile distant, and whenever the weather does not positively prevent it I ride a wheet to and from the station. I believe that clerical railroad work, though as yet an untried field for women, is a most interesting and congenial occupation, and girls who are looking about for a means of livelihood would do well to take it into consideration."

DISCOVERER OF WONDERLAND.

Dr. Dodgson Composed His Rhymes While Tramping Country Roads.

The late Mr. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) was a clergyman in deacon's orders, says the Westminster Gazette. The reason why he was never ordained a priest was said to be a slight hesitancy of speech which prevented his speaking in public. This, however, he in a measure overcame, and he not infraquently read the lessons and he not infrequently read the less

howel, however, he in a measure overcame, and ms to passinged ght. bridetride froute. It is not preach at the special services for the college servants, but it was very carlety that he mounted the pulpit. He was a creature of habit, and in term time was never absent from his own particular seat in St. Mary's for the University sermon, always staying to matins afterward. Durlance, and her where the first church and he was particularly proud of them. The ascetic-looking figure of the Christ church don might often be met trudging steadily along the road several miles away from Oxford, for he had almiles away from Oxford, for he had a

MACAULAY'S BOORISHNESS.

The Famous Historian Was a Go

drawn in New Jersey providing for the taxation of bachelors. In all probability the measure will make its appearance in the senate or house soon.

The subject has enged the attention of the wise men of New Jersey is fashioned after the measures that are before the legislatures of the South and West. The tax that the bachelors will be asked to pay will probably be as high as 2 per annum.

The taxing of single men is not an experiment in New Jersey. For fifty years the single men of that state paid \$2 a year for the privilege of enjoying the sweets of single blessedness, but in 1875. William Mcliroy, who lived in Warren county, became tired of paying for the privileges that he enjoyed as a bachelor, and had the measure repealed.

Bismarckiam Iromy.

There is a curious similarity between the recent reports of Mr. Gladstone's health and those which were circulating about Prince Bismarck more than a year and a half ago. He also had neuralgic pains, in spile of which the physicians declared him to be strong enough to live to "a very year as ge." Bismarck himself read in the papers about his "state of depression," and made fronical comments upon them. "My depression," his said, "is solely my great age." Bismarck himself read in the papers about his "state of depression," and made fronical comments upon them. "My depression," his face, which were so severe that he sometimes had to great several minutes for a little relief, he was reported as a saying: "This is quite natural. I have sinned in my life the most with my mouth, in eating, drinking and talking."